

SOUTHERN PIONEER.

AND CARROLL, CHOCTAW AND TALLAHATCHIE COUNTIES ADVERTISER.

By G. W. H. BROWN.

CARROLLTON, MISSISSIPPI, SATURDAY MAY 1, 1841.

VOL. I.—NO. 20.

Prospectus.

For publishing in the town of Carrollton, Carroll county, Miss., a weekly paper to be entitled the

Southern Pioneer.

(By G. W. H. BROWN.)

UNDER the above title of the "SOUTHERN PIONEER," we propose to publish in the town of Carrollton, a new Weekly Paper, devoted to Politics, both State and National, Agriculture, the current news of the day, and the advancement of the great cause of Education. This paper will be devoted to what its conductor believes to be the best interests of the State and country. It will advocate the great Whig cause which you have recently seen so signally triumphant. Believing that the principles put forth by the great Whig party are the tenets of its political creed, are the only true ones on which this Government was originally founded, and on which it should be administered, this paper will tend to those principles, whenever and wherever espoused, its humble but cordial support.

No man or set of men, will be by us unscrupulously assailed at the expense of principle. "PRINCIPLES," we mean, is our motto—by this rule shall we be governed, and in subjecting all to this test, we shall as we find them, judge with impartiality, admonish with candor, and reprehend with justice. As humble Pioneers in the great cause of political truth, we shall ever point to the cardinal virtues of a representative Government. But, the interests of our State, and more particularly of our county, shall receive at our hands a constant and an earnest advocacy. While our sister counties have been the object of Legislative action, and Executive patronage, the county of Carroll has remained comparatively unknown and unappreciated. It shall therefore be our pride, as well as our duty, to develop its vast resources and point out its numerous advantages. The cause of education, the cause of enlightened and progressive civilization, the only true bulwark of a nation's freedom, shall receive our attention its importance demands. In fine, as humble Pioneers in the great crusade against ignorance and error, we shall shoulder our mattock and shovel, and taking our place in the great march of modern improvement, our course shall ever be as Mark Twain said to Stanley, "ONWARD."

TERMS.—The "PIONEER" will be published every Thursday morning at FIVE DOLLARS in advance, or SIX DOLLARS at the expiration of six months, or SIX DOLLARS FIFTY at the end of the year.

NO PAPER WILL BE DISCONTINUED UNTIL ALL ARREARAGES ARE PAID.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted at the rate of ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per square (ten lines) for the first, and ONE DOLLAR for each subsequent insertion. The number of insertions must be marked upon the MS. or it will be published until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Articles of a personal nature, whenever admitted will be charged at double the above rates. Political circulars or public addresses, for the benefit of individual or companies, charged as advertisements.

Announcing candidates for office \$10 each.

YEARLY ADVERTISING.—For forty lines, or less, payable at pleasure, each week, \$65.

Bills for advertising are due when the work is done, and MUST be paid whenever called for.

JOB PRINTING.

In connection with the PIONEER Office, is a large assortment of new and fashionable FANCY TYPE, which enables us to execute all orders for Job Printing in fine style. We solicit patronage in this line, at prices the same as other well regulated offices in Mississippi. Orders from Attorneys, Clerks, Sheriffs, &c., promptly attended to.

ALL JOB WORK—CASH.

Letters or Communications to the publisher must be POST-PAYED, or they will not be taken out.

From the N. O. Picayune.

A COUNTERFEIT WATCHMAN.

The expedients and subterfuges to which sharpers have recourse in this city, with a view of cheating the unwary, display at least ingenuity, and a strong development of the organ of invention. Proof of this is given every day and "ropers-in" have now become so expert at their calling, that it would almost puzzle a Philadelphia lawyer to detect one of them at their game. Like Proteus they change shapes, and like an inconsistent politician they are "Every thing by turns and nothing long."

To-day one of them assumes the character of a bill broker or money discounter; to-morrow he is a dealer in saccharine matter, vulgarly called a sugar broker, and the day following he becomes a locomotive directory, and gratuitously volunteers his services as a stranger's guide, when he thinks he can "come over a green 'un." Sometimes he even assumes a fictitious saw by putting on the masquerade of an officer of justice, and while affecting to act under authority, picks your pocket, meantime speaking of the majesty of the law and the inviolability of the Constitution. A case came up before Recorder Baldwin yesterday, in which certain parties attempted to act in a new piece, which may be called—"Assuming the Charley, or, Doing the Countryman." It was, however, fortunately a failure. This is the plot of the piece:

One of the dramatic persons is H. C. Moses, who hails from Florence, Alabama. An honest, unsophisticated, good looking fellow is Moses; and although he might not be able, like his patriarchal name-sake, to cross the Red Sea without some description of watercraft to bear him over, yet did he feel confident he could navigate the streets of Orleans, without any one being able to throw "dust in his eyes."

Moses arrived in the city on Tuesday evening in charge of a pair of flat boats, one was freighted with hoops and the other with cotton. On board the latter was to be seen, as she drifted down stream.

"A big racoon, sittin' on a rail."

destined, meant, and intended as a present for "Straus," for our "Straus."

Moses having placed the racoon in safe keeping and made fast his boats, called on his commission merchant, residing near the Triangle Buildings. He advised him of his arrival, and was returning to sleep on board his boat, when two fellows started out before him, and one of

them, either affecting the accent of an Irishman, or speaking in his mother tongue, said "Just stop—hould on—we're the reg'lar watch."

"And suppose you be," said Moses, what of that?"

"Nothin' at all at all," said the would-be watchman, "but you must come to the calaboose—you're a mighty dangerous and suspicious looking character entirely."

"Why, I'm the owner of two flat boats," said Moses, "and I'm going on board."

"O, that is more of the yarn," said he who challenged Moses. "How the devil could you go aboard two flat boats at the same time. Be gogsty, you must take me to be a flat if you think I believe you. Have you any arms?"

"No," said Moses, giving the intruder a push that nearly put him on his back.

"Faith you can boast of hands, though, I find. But what's your name?" said the masquerader.

"H. C. Moses, from Florence, Alabama, and no mistake," said the owner of the two flat boats.

"O, thin, be the piper that played before Moses," said the man affecting to act under authority, "I'll taylor you dacency and show you how to act in Orlaynes. Let me see what you've got in your pocket, you dug-out you—your miserable specimen of a Mississippi water craft."

"I haint nothin'," said Moses, and here a struggle ensued between them for the right of sovereignty over Moses, breeches pocket. Moses now rightly judging that he was not a "sure enough" watchman, called "watch, watch!" put his hand in his pocket and, unknown to his assailant, for it was then dark, flung his pocket book, containing \$160, against the fence.

The real watchman ran up to Moses' assistance, the mock watchman ran away, and Moses picked up his pocket book.

He called yesterday at the police office of the Second Municipality, recognized one of the prisoners as the person who made the attack on him, and had him on his affidavit sent to the calaboose for trial before the Criminal Court for highway robbery.

AARON BURR AND HIS DAUGHTER.

The history of every nation is full of romantic incidents. England has the story of her Alfred, Scotland of her Wallace, her Bruce, her Mary and her Charles Stuart, Ireland her Fitzgerald, France her Man with the Iron Mask, and Marie Antoinette, Poland her Thaddeus, and Russia her Siberian Exiles. But we very much doubt whether any exceeds in interest the exceedingly touching story of Aaron Burr and his gifted, his beautiful daughter, Theodosia. The rise and fall of Burr in the affections of his country, are subjects of deep historical interest. At one time we see him carried on the wave of popular favor to such giddy heights that the Presidency itself seemed almost within his grasp, which he only missed to become the second officer in the new Republic. He became the Vice President of the United States. How rapid his rise! and then his fall, how sudden, how complete! In consequence of his duel with Hamilton, he became a fugitive from justice, is indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey—flies to the South—lives for a few months in security until the meeting of Congress, when he comes forth and again takes the chair as President of the Senate. After his term expires he goes to the West, becomes the leading spirit in a scheme of ambition to invade Mexico, (very few will now believe he sought a dismemberment of the Union)—is bro't back a prisoner of state to Richmond, charged with high treason—is tried and acquitted—is forced to leave his native land and go to Europe. In England he is suspected and retires to France, where he lives in reduced circumstances, at times not being able to procure a meal of victuals. After an absence of several years, he finds means to return home—he lands in Boston without a cent in his pocket, an object of distrust to all.

Burr had heard no tidings of his daughter since his departure from his home; he was anxious to hear from her, her husband and her boy, an only child, in whom her whole soul seemed bound up. The first news he heard was that his grandchild died while he was an outcast in foreign lands, which stroke of Providence he felt keenly, for he dearly loved the boy. Theodosia, the daughter of Burr, was the wife of Gov. Allston of S. Carolina. She was married young and while her father was near the zenith of his fame. She was beautiful and accomplished, a lady of the finest feelings, an elegant writer, a devoted wife, a fond mother, a most dutiful and loving daughter, who clung with redoubled affection to the fortunes of her father as the clouds of adversity gathered around, and he was deserted by the friends whom he formerly cherished.

The first duty Burr performed after his arrival here, was to acquaint Mrs. Allston of his return. She immediately wrote back to him that she was coming to see him, and would meet him in a few weeks in New York. This letter was couched in the her most affectionate terms, and is another evidence of the purity and power of woman's love.

In the expectation of seeing his daughter in a few days, Burr received much pleasure. She had become his all on earth. Wife, grandchild, friends and all were gone, his daughter alone remained to cheer and solace the evening of his life, and to welcome him

back from his exile. Days passed on—then weeks—and weeks were lengthened into months, yet naught was heard of Mrs. Allston. Burr grew impatient, and began to think that she too had left him, so apt is misfortune to doubt the sincerity of friendship. At length he received a letter from Mr. Allston, inquiring if his wife had arrived safe, and stating that she had sailed from Charleston some weeks previous, in a vessel chartered by him on purpose to convey her to New York. Not receiving any tidings of her arrival, he was anxious to learn the cause of her silence.

What had occurred to delay the vessel? why had it not arrived? these were questions which Burr could ask himself, but no one could answer.

The sequel is soon told. The vessel never arrived. It undoubtedly foundered at sea, and all on board perished. No tidings have ever been heard respecting the vessel, the crew, or the daughter of Aaron Burr—all were lost.—This last sad bereavement was only required to fill Burr's cup of sorrow. "The last link was broken" which bound him to life. The uncertainty of her fate but added to the poignancy of his grief. Hope, the last refuge of the afflicted, became extinct when years had rolled on, and yet no tidings of the loved and lost one were gleaned.

Burr lived in New York until the year 1836 (we believe) when he died. The last years of his life were passed in the comparative obscurity. Some few old friends, who had never wholly deserted him, were companions; they closed his eyes in death, and followed his body to the grave, where it will rest till the trump of the Almighty shall call it into judgment.

Thos. L. Dunn, a book keeper in the Union Bank of Tennessee, was recently imprisoned in Nashville for making false entries, and purloining sundry packages of money from the vaults. From the following paragraph from the Whig, it seems that some of the missing money has come to light:

"The only development since Monday of public importance touching the robbery of the Union Bank, is the appearance at one of the other city Banks, of \$400 in fifties, of the stolen package. The notes were received a day or two since by Messrs. Vanleer, Hicks, & Co., in remittance from their St. Louis correspondent, and were deposited in the Planter's Bank, without their detection, either by Messrs. Vanleer, Hicks & Co., or the teller of the Bank, as the current counter paper of the Union Bank—the interlineation of the words, 'at the bank of Louisiana,' being in small manuscript text. The discovery was made at the Union Bank this morning."

It seems evident, therefore, that at least a portion if not the whole of the stolen package has been thrown into circulation. Business men, who are in the practice of receiving and paying out large sums, might possibly aid the bank in ferretting out the facts of the robbery, by scrutinizing the notes of the institutions passing through their hands, especially those of the denomination of fifty dollars.

It is stated, that the deaths in the city of London, during the past year, were 14,574, of which 9,286 females. Only one is reported as murdered—there were 31 suicides, 13 accidentally poisoned, 78 drowned, 119 accidentally killed, and 1904 died of consumption.

There were in the same time, 16,160 births, of which 8,090 were males and 7,070 females. There were also buried 698 still born children, not included in the foregoing.

FROM WASHINGTON.—The correspondent of Bennett's Herald, writing from Washington, under date of the 10th, announces the following appointments, which he says are to be made.

Gov. Wallace of Indiana is to be Commissioner of the Land office.

Walter Forward of Pa, is to be 1st Comptroller, in the place of Mr. Barker.

David Russell, of New York, is to be 1st Auditor, in the place of Jesse Miller.

Mr. Munro is to be city Postmaster here.

Mr. Todd, of Pennsylvania, is to be Collector of Philadelphia.

Col. Todd of Kentucky, is to be Minister to Austria, in spite of any opposition.

Waddy Thompson is to be Minister to Mexico.

Mr. Crockett, late M. C, is the most eligible candidate for the Texian Mission.

The Treasurer, the Second Auditor, and the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, will be removed shortly; but the selection has not yet been made from several prominent candidates.

Mr. Finly is to be Postmaster of Baltimore. Fletcher Webster is now acting Secretary of State being chief Clerk of the State Department.

Albert M. Lee of Tennessee, late of the army, has been appointed chief Clerk of the War Department.

Robert B Campbell of Alabama, late member of Congress from South Carolina, is to be Collector of Mobile.

Mr. Graves of Ky. is going to Naples.

He says also: The crowd have nearly all disappeared from the city. A large number of removals are to be made on the 1st of April. In the General Post Office department some twenty-four clerks are to walk out, besides numerous new Postmasters to be appointed. Several clerks were removed from the Treasury Department to-day—among them Mr. Gouge the author of the Sub-Treasury scheme.

Read this to-day, and then tell us to-morrow, "whether you're any the wiser."

A BATCH OF CROSS READING.—As Hervio Nano was making his flight the other evening from the gallery to stage—the Recorder sentenced him to bail or go to the calaboose for thirty days.

We learn that one of our most fashionable belles is about to be led to the altar by.—the Missourian now exhibiting in Carters street.—figs and raisins, in boxes—all alive and in good health—followed by a grand entree on 12 horses, riders in full Turkish costume.

We regret to learn that Mlle. Fanny Elsler, while conducting the rehearsal yesterday morning—suddenly came upon an encampment of 700 Camanches—all now landing upon the Levee and ready for consignees.

While the Pontchartrain train of cars were at full speed down the track to the lake, at 11 o'clock, yesterday the locomotive—expressed an earnest desire that the McLeod business and the boundary difficulties would—call and spend the evening at the earliest convenience.

An old acquaintance from up the coast last evening—took fire in the garret, and, in spite of the noble exertions of the firemen—he was three times encored with rapturous enthusiasm.

To the gentlemanly officers of the steamer Eliza Smith we are indebted for—the most unparalleled outrage that was ever offered to—an empty tenement in St. Joseph street which was destroyed, together with sheds and out houses adjoining.

The unusual number of 2300 bales of cotton—attended the Natchez theatre, by invitation to witness—an excitement without precedent in the history of nations.

A novel circumstance is said to have taken place in—a young lady's gold thimble, which was—brought up before the Recorder yesterday for—producing some of the most exquisite poetry in the languages.

In the Native American of last evening we find—will commence a limited engagement immediately—in perfect accordance with the latest received Paris fashions.

It is further stated upon correct authority that one of our most respectable citizens—struck a snag a short distance above Bayou Sara—without any apparent provocation—and was tend red a complimentary dinner upon the occasion.—Pic.

THE ACTING PRESIDENT.

An unlooked for National bravement having placed the elected Vice President at the head of the administration, all thoughts are of course anxiously directed to the inquiry whether this event is likely to be productive of any change in the line of policy which had been marked out by the late lamented Chief Magistrate. We are glad to be able in the two subjoined articles to give a satisfactory response to this inquiry. It will be seen that entire confidence is reposed in Mr. Tyler by those who have an opportunity of knowing thoroughly his views and feelings. Though dead, Gen. HARRISON's principles and policy will be carried out.

OPINION OF MR. TYLER.—We copy the following from the Baltimore American, of December 2d, 1840:

THE VICE PRESIDENT.—Some gentleman of Charleston, S. C., belonging to the Van Buren party, have addressed a letter of inquiry to the Hon. John Tyler, in view of the possibility that he may be called upon to fill the Chief Executive chair.

The concluding portion of Mr. Tyler's letter in answer runs thus.

"I unhesitatingly declare it as my firm conviction that William Henry Harrison is qualified to guard and promote the liberties and happiness of his country; because he is the stern and unflinching advocate of popular rights, and the uncompromising opponent of the bold and daring assumptions of powers which have of late years been claimed and exercised by the Chief Executive Magistrate of this Union; because he regards the public offices of the country as created for the benefit and advantage of the people, and not for the political advantage of the President, and in that spirit, utterly denies the right, on the part of the President, to remove from office one 'who is honest, capable and faithful to the Constitution,' to make way for another whose chief recommendation is to be found in his being a noisy and clamorous demagogue and partisan; because he would carry with him into the Administration the principles of Jefferson, and would require of the office-holders to abstain from interfering in the elections, and to bestow a close attention to their duties, in place of the active partisanship which is now every where exhibited; because he is committed, by his principles to recommend and to urge upon Congress the adoption of such measures as will ultimate in the committing the custody of public moneys to other hands than the President's so as effectually to separate the purse from the sword; because he is in favor of economy in the public expenditures, in opposition to that wasteful course of extravagance which has caused the public expenditures to increase in ten years from \$13,000,000, exclusive of the payment of the public debt, to near \$40,000,000 annually; because he is the sworn enemy to corruption, and the lover of virtue; because in his election, and by his example, will be established and secured that greatest of all reform, without which the effort of reformation is hopeless, viz: the limiting for all future time the Presidential term of service to a single term of four years; and because he is an honest man, a republican in principle, and a patriot in practice. I might

find other reasons in the history of his past life devoted to the service of his country, but I have fully answered your inquiries.

"Having responded fully and freely to your inquiries,

"I am gentlemen, your most obedient servant,

JOHN TYLER."

The idea is very common, that when one talks of learning this branch of education or that,—acquiring general knowledge suitable to one's situation and wants,—a school room is at once implied; and that these things must, of necessity, be acquired at a desk, within the four walls of a room, or not at all. This notion has been fastened upon us by our early associations, and it adheres to our manhood as firmly as our most inveterate habits. But few notions which have grown up among those with whom this fallacy prevails, are more erroneous than this. It so completely locates education in the school room, that it is thought impossible to acquire it any where else—when the truth is, that in the busy and curious world we inhabit, not a day or an hour passes, in which the most important lesson may not be learned. True, the school room and the desk are necessary for certain purposes—but the great, the all important school room, is the world.—The earth, the sky, the sea, these are the fields; and he who does not improve them, loses the best education man can acquire.

Holden's Lecture.

GETTING DESPERATE.—Dec. 31st, half-past eleven at night—Scene, Mrs. Squibb's sitting room. Present Miss Sophrina Phiducia Squibs, and Ephraim.

"Ahem! Ephraim, I heard something about you."

"Lal now Miss Sophrina, you don't say so."

"Yes, indeed, that I did—and a great many said it too."

"Lal now, what was it Miss Sophrina?"

"O dear! I can't tell you,"—(Turning away her head.)

"O la! yes do now."

"O no—I can't."

"O yes—Miss Sophrina."

"La me! Ephraim, you do pester a body so."

"Well do please to tell me, Miss Sophrina."

"Well, I heard that—O I can't tell it."

"Ah! yes, come now, do—(Taking her hand.)"

"Well I didn't say it—but I heard that—"

"What?—(putting an arm round her waist.)"

"O! don't squeeze me so—I heard that—that—(turning her blue eyes full upon Ephraim's)—that—you and I were to be married, Ephraim."

If we may be permitted, for a moment, to withdraw our thoughts from the afflicting dispensation which has so suddenly overwhelmed the country, and to cast a hasty glance at the future, we would seize the occasion of announcing the new President's arrival at the seat of Government, to congratulate the country that, under the happy operation of our system of Government, the chief Executive power devolves so quietly and peaceably from the hands of one citizen to those of another; and more especially to congratulate the country that he who now succeeds the late President HARRISON is not only a man of honor, of talent and character, well known to the country, but that he owes his elevation to the high place he now fills to the prevalence of those same principles which put President Harrison in that place before him. President Tyler is a whig—a true Whig—and we risk nothing in expressing our entire confidence that he will fulfil, in all their extent, the expectations of the People when they bestowed on him an office from which it was possible, as they knew, he might be elevated to the Chief Magistracy of the Union. He is pledged to this, not only by his high character, but by his known sentiments and his unspotted patriotism.

On the other hand, we risk as little in predicting that the great majority of the people of the country will give to him at once and in advance, their full confidence and entire support, not doubting in any degree that he will prove himself a true exponent of those great principles for which they have so long struggled, and struggled at last so successfully.—*Nat. Intelligencer.*

It is highly creditable, as well to the present Heads of Departments by whom the Funeral of the late President was arranged, as to the Ex-Members of the Cabinet of the late Administration now in this city, that the latter were individually and particularly invited to attend, and all did attend the funeral of Gen. Harrison.—*National Intelligencer.*

That no honor might be wanting which it was possible to pay to the memory of the deceased patriot President, the Legislature of the State of Maryland, being in session, adjourning for the purpose, came to this city in a body, attended by their officers and the symbols of their authority, and joined in the Funeral Procession.

From the Legislature of Pennsylvania, too, also in session, a joint committee of both Houses arrived in this city on Wednesday morning, and truly represented the feelings of that great State on this melancholy occasion.

There is something touching and morally beautiful in the merging of all party distinctions, in the above instances, in the feeling of respect to the memory of the honored dead.

Nat. Intelligencer.

It's a sad house where the hen crows louder than the cock.